



The ‘5 Men Moving’ logo disappears into the roof of the truck as the loading door opens. Sunlight chases the shadows back, exposing three young men sitting on milk crates waiting to start work. Corey, the truck’s owner, scowls and says, “We’re on a tight schedule today so no half stepping.” He leaves to talk with the homeowners.

The young men start unloading. “‘Half stepping’,” Luther says, lifting a dolly to the ground, “my ass. The schedule wouldn’t be so tight if that lazy old bastard ever did a lick of work.”

“Or could get a full crew,” Jerry offers, tossing a pile of blanket to the ground and jumping on them.

“He pays just like everybody else,” the third young man swings down from the truck and twists his torso around, stretching. “Why do you guys hate him so much?”

“‘Five Men Moving’,” Luther starts, “he puts that on his truck. Jerry, you ever see him take five men on a job?”

“Nope. And since he never does a lick of work, you gotta subtract a man from his crews. So, College Boy,” Jerry turns to Steve, “they teach you math up there, how many men are ‘moving’ today?”

“That sounds like one of those advanced math classes,” Steve bends over to tie his shoes, “I don’t know... Three?”

“Its false advertising,” Luther spits “and it makes us bust our asses all that much harder.”

“Work is work,” Steve says, grabbing a stack of crate rollers, “As long as I get my paycheck.”

“Why don’t you just move the whole fucking house yourself then?” Luther asks, “You like work so much.”

“I was just saying; five men, three men, what’s the difference? We get paid the same. Maybe more if we get overtime.”

“Overtime?” Luther laughs, “Hey College Boy, this ain’t your daddy’s office. Overtime doesn’t exist out here. We bust our humps and get shit pay, but you don’t care ‘cause for you this is what? A hobby or something?”

“I’m sorry,” Steve says, “I didn’t mean to start class warfare here. Look, if it’ll make you feel better, I’ll gripe and complain all day too.”

“Christ,” Jerry steps between them, “it’s bad enough I have to work with Corey, but to have to listen to you bitches fight all day? Maybe they’re right. Maybe this truck is cursed.”

“No maybe about it,” Luther says, rolling his shoulders, “With any luck it’ll be College Boy’s turn. See how smart he is lying in a hospital.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The Curse of Corey fuckin’ Henderson’s Truck!” Jerry drapes an arm over Steve’s shoulder, “They didn’t tell you? This is the most accident-prone vehicle in the lot. Two weeks won’t go by without some fool busting his head or breaking a leg on this bitch. Hey Luther, how many weeks it been now?”

“Been a while,” Luther pulls the ramp out and latches it to the bumper, “I think it was Buddy, broke his finger about a month ago.”

“So, we’re due,” Jerry says.

“Past due,” Luther smiles, “Watch your step, College Boy.”

They have been working for two hours; furniture and boxes are scattered around the driveway. Luther deliberately bumps Steve as they pass each other. Steve almost loses the box he’s carrying but manages to save it by bending at the knees. “Sorry,” Luther sneers.

A young boy comes from the house to watch them work. Luther is obviously annoyed by the extra attention, and frowns as he rolls his shoulders, “You lookin’ for something?”

“Do you need help? I can help.”

“What’s your name, kid,” Jerry asks.

“Marv. I live here. Or I used to. We’re moving to Kansas.”

“No shit? That’s a long way away,” Jerry smiles down at the boy, friendly, “Thanks for the offer, but we got everything under control.”

“Please?” Marv begs, “I’m bored inside, all my stuff is packed. I’m pretty strong, you know, I can bench a hundred and fifty pounds.”

Jerry laughs then drops his voice to a mock whisper, “Tell you what, Marv, you know we get paid to do this, right? Well, if our boss sees us letting you do all the work, he

won't pay us, see? Otherwise, sure, we'd love a strong dude like you around. See Steve over there? He can't even bench one hundred."

Steve shakes his head and continues working as Luther howls.

"I can stay in the truck and stack things?" Marv tries another approach.

"Sorry kid, you'd be taking food out of our mouths. You want to help you could get us some lemonade or something."

"Yeah, okay," Marv walks up the driveway, kicking a stone out of his way.

"And bench press a hundred and fifty pounds while you're at it," Luther mutters when the kid is out of earshot.

"I'm going to get another load," Steve excuses himself and goes back into the house.

"What an asshole," Luther talks about Steve when he's gone. "We should do something to him, make him think about getting into a new line of work."

"He ain't all bad. I worked a crew with him before, and he was all right."

"Well, he's being a prick now."

"Man, all I care about is getting this job done and home before five," Jerry ends the discussion, "Get up there and clear me some room." They work in tandem, Jerry lifting the boxes and Luther pushing them to the back. Suddenly Luther stops and looks towards the house, jaw open.

A stunningly beautiful girl is bringing a tray of lemonade and paper cups down the walkway.

"Jesus Christ," Luther swears, "would you look at that..."

Jerry is also impressed, and he strikes a macho pose. He nods when she approaches.

"Hi guys," she says, flashing a smile, "I made you lemonade." She looks past Jerry into the truck and is disappointed to see Luther. "I thought there was another one?"

Right on cue, Steve comes rolling another bundle of boxes from the garage. The girl perks up when she sees him. She set the tray on the bumper and smoothed her shirt over her belly.

"Hi," she smiles at Steve, "I brought you all some lemonade."

Steve smiles back and says, “Thank you, that’s very considerate,” he helps himself to a paper cup and fills it with lemonade.

“I figured you’d be thirsty, working in this heat. It must be hard.”

“Yeah,” Steve drinks deep, “but its good exercise. Getting out, moving around, sweating a little.... It beats sitting behind a desk all day.”

“I know! I could never work in an office. I’d rather be somewhere I could move around but still have it cool. Like in a mall or something.”

Luther and Jerry interrupt by starting to work again, forcing Steve to move as they heft more boxes into the truck.

“Well, I’d better get back to work. Thanks again for the lemonade. It was very refreshing.”

“Oh, my pleasure!”

A moment passes.

“What’s your name anyway?”

“Sally. And you are?”

“Steve. Isaak,” he wipes his hand on his pants and offers it to her. She eagerly takes it. “Pleased to meet you Sally.”

“Me too!”

“Well... I have to... Work,” Steve takes a step back. Sally moves back as well, hands laced across her belly.

“Okay, well, I’ll see you. Maybe I’ll bring you guys something for lunch?”

“I’d like that.”

And Sally turns and jogs back to the door.

Steve looks at Jerry and Luther who can barely contain themselves. As soon as Sally closes the door, they start giving Steve shit.

“Hoo! Veeerrrry Refreshing!” Jerry starts.

“Hey, College Boy, why you want to go back to high school for?” Luther howls.

Steve walks away from the abuse, showing them his middle finger as he goes back to the house for another load.

“Give me a hand here,” Steve asks from the edge of a sofa.

“Hold off on that,” Jerry tells him, “We’ll put it in later.”

“Shouldn’t we get it in first? Back it against the wall so it doesn’t tear?”

“Damn!” Luther calls from the truck, “College Boy must have read a book or something. Thinks he can tell us how to move furniture!”

“Right,” Steve says, “I guess this job is a little too advanced for me. Sorry I mentioned it.”

“You know something, you need to keep your mouth shut and let us handle it,” Luther looks down on Steve from the truck. “Go see if your girlfriend needs any help packing her tampons. Or do they just use Q-tips at that age?”

Steve’s face flushes. “You’re crossing a line, Luther, that’s not funny.”

“Ho shit! I’d better step back over that line!” Luther takes an exaggerated step backwards, pretending there’s an invisible line.

“Grow the fuck up you two,” Jerry grabs Steve and pulls him back, “we ain’t got time for this.”

“You heard what he said,” Steve continued, “She’s just a kid!”

“Looking like that, she ain’t no kid,” Luther laughs, “If her old man hasn’t had her yet, her one-hundred-and-fifty-pound bench pressing brother has,” Luther pantomimes lifting an ass over his dick like a weightlifter’s bar, “hupt two, hupt two...”

“Cool it Luther,” Jerry warns, “I’m not fucking around with either of you. I need this paycheck, and I don’t want to be here ‘til seven to get it.”

Steve storms into the garage. Luther calls after him, “Where you going, College Boy? Find out if you can bench one fifty?”

“The fuck is wrong with you?” Jerry throws a glove at Luther.

“He rubs me the wrong way, always talking like he’s so smart.”

“Fuck him, a guy like that, this is just a summer job. What does he know?”

“Yeah yeah...”

“So lay off and get to work. I’m not kidding, I want to be out of here by five. I’ve got a date tonight.”

“Watch out!” Luther hollers as he loses his grip on the box Jerry was lifting. It falls, smashing into Jerry’s leg, knocking him down. He screams in pain. Steve rushes over to help and Luther hops down from the truck. Jerry sucks air and rolls from side to side, fighting the pain.

“Ho shit, man, I’m sorry,” Luther grabs his shoulder, “you okay?”

“Fuck no I ain’t okay! You stupid shit! I thought you had it!”

“I did, man, it’s like it jumped out of my hands! I swear to God, I don’t know what happened.”

“Can you walk,” Steve asks.

“Yeah...” Jerry pushes up with his hands and can stand. But he can’t walk without help. “Oh, fuck it hurts.”

“Are you going to need a doctor?”

“I’m gonna need a gun to shoot this stupid fucker,” Jerry motions at Luther.

“Man, I swear to God, it jumped right out of my hands!”

“Okay, we’re getting you a doctor,” Steve says.

“No! Christ, listen, I need this paycheck. I go off the job now Corey will fuck me with half pay or something. I’d say you two dipshits owe me one so I’m going to take a break until my leg feels better and you’re going to bust your asses and cover for me.”

“Jerry, it’s starting to swell, I can see it through your jeans. At least take it inside and put ice on it.”

“What did I just say? I’m not going off the job.”

“Man, I can loan you the money...”

“Hey College Boy, fuck you. I ain’t taking your money. I’m sure it’ll be better in a few minutes; I’ll rest it for a while then take over in the truck, so I don’t have to walk so much. Damn.”

“Fine,” Steve helps Jerry into the truck, “whatever you say. But I guarantee when we come back, that leg will be as stiff as a board.”

“That’ll be my problem. Now get moving,” Jerry swings his leg up and uses the side of the truck to stand, cursing as he limps to the back and throws himself on the sofa.

Jerry massages his knee with one hand and rubs his watery eyes with the forearm of the other. He takes deep breaths to relax. A minute passes and he realizes that he is very thirsty. He sighs, releases a low moan, and swings his body into a sitting position only to find a strange man standing before him smoking a cigarette.

“Hey, how ya doin’,” the man says and offers the torn end of a cigarette pack, “Smoke?”

“Jesus Christ! You scared the shit out of me! Who are you?” Jerry snaps, trying to stand but the leg gives out and he falls back onto the sofa.

“Relax, man, I ain’t here to bust you. Take a smoke.”

Jerry notices the man has a large knobby bruise on his head, swollen and purple, the size of a grapefruit. The man smiles and touches it. “And you think you got it bad, right? Ain’t it a beaut?”

“Who are you man,” Jerry is getting worried. “You can’t be up in here.”

“Yeah, well,” the stranger laughs, “that’s too bad. You smoke or what?”

Jerry shakes his head, and the stranger rolls the pack back into the sleeve of his T-shirt. The T-shirt is torn and has blood stains spattered around the shoulders. Jerry must move suddenly when the stranger plops down on the sofa next to him.

“Hey, relax. Jerry, right?” the stranger offers his hand. It has a bluish tint, and Jerry can clearly see the knuckle bones beneath the skin. “Name’s Bill,” he keeps the hand out, but Jerry doesn’t take it. ““Hi Bill!”,” the stranger mocks, ““Nice to meet you!””

“Hey, listen man,” Jerry raises his hands, “You gotta go.”

“Well fuck you too, Jer. I just wanted to apologize, maybe help you out, but you’re gonna be like that...” Bill blows smoke and sucks it back through his nostrils.

“Apologize?”

“For the leg. I’m the curse, the jinx, the hoo doo. I’m the ghost that haunts this bitch,” he says with a laugh, smoke streaming from his nose.

“Hey, what is this shit,” Jerry moves further away, “it ain’t funny.”

Bill taps his head wound, the finger tears a hunk of flesh away and Jerry can see the skull cracked beneath, grey brains hiding in the shadow. “Oh yeah, this is very funny. You just gotta have a sense of humor.” Jerry tries to stand up but he’s slow and Bill pulls him down by the shoulder, “Come on, I told you, relax. I want to help.”

“Oh... oh... man... I must be dreaming...” Jerry looks frantically for something to focus on. Bill slaps him hard on the face.

“That feel like a dream to you? Shit. Worse thing you can tell a ghost, that you’re ‘dreaming’, like I’m not even real. Listen, I don’t like this anymore than you, that’s the whole point of a curse. To royally fuck everything up.”

Bill pours Jerry a cup of lemonade. “Here you go, have a drink. Feel better?”

Jerry nods, still highly suspicious.

“How about the leg?”

“What?”

“The leg, amigo, how’s it feel?”

“All right.”

“My ass. It hurts like hell. You’re just being a prick because I’m dead and you don’t want to talk to me. Story of my life.” Bill scowls and puffs on his cigarette, looking at the flaming red tip with a frown. “I don’t know why I bother.”

“Listen, man...”

“Bill.”

“Bill. Hey, I don’t know what’s going on here. I’m thinking you need a doctor or something.”

“Yeah, right. Thanks for caring.” Bill stands up and shoves his hands in the back pockets of his torn blue jeans, “Fuck you very much Jerry, always a pleasure, and I hope your dick falls off.”

And Bill disappears with a slight puff of blue smoke.

Jerry swallows hard and moves his jaw up and down. This is way beyond his experience as a professional mover. For lack of anything better to do, he whispers, "I'm sorry."

And Bill reappears as suddenly as he vanished.

"Hey, s'alright. I knew you were a good guy. Sure, it's not easy meeting a ghost. I appreciate that. Smoke?" Bill offers the pack again as he takes a seat next to Jerry on the sofa. This time Jerry takes a cig.

"I'll bet I know what you're thinking?" Bill smirks, lighting Jerry's cig. "'Oh shit!' is what you're thinking. But you're also wondering why I haunt this fucking truck, right?"

"Yeah..."

"I'll tell you. I died on this bitch."

"What happened?"

"A bowling ball whacked me," Bill leans close so Jerry can see the damage, "right on the fucking head."

"A bowling ball? How does that happen?"

"You'll laugh." Bill chuckles, "Even I can see its funny, and I'm the one who died. What happened was, I was loading on this safe," Bill outlines a box in the air with his hands, "A big cast iron mission impossible deal with a huge number lock and all. The kind they're always blowing up on TV, right? So I got this fucker and I'm lifting it to set in on a dresser, tilting it forward, you know, so I can slide it back, and guess what? The fucking door pops opens! I mean, looking at this fucker, man, you think you'd need two sticks of dynamite or a laser or some shit to open it, but no! It just pops open and whacks me in the head, right here," Bill shows Jerry the spot, a deep purple bruise on the relatively undamaged side of his head. "I fall down, not so much from the pain, but the shock, like getting sucker punched. Anyway, the safe lands on top of me, and I knock some boxes over so I'm good and trapped under all this shit, and it hurts like hell, so I start to call for help but then I hear this rolling sound. Now I don't know who shoved a loose bowling ball on top of the furniture, but somebody did, and I hear the thing rolling slowly, closer, rumble, bump, rumble, and I see it peeking over the edge of the dresser, right over my head... And it stops! Man, I'm watching the thing quiver and I'm holding my breath, Jesus Christ the finger hole looks fucking huge... But it doesn't fall!"

“So, what happened?”

“So, I breath out, the boxes shift, and Whamo! right on the cabasa.”

“Ho shit!”

“Goddamned right. And because my death was so traumatic, I’m stuck on this truck for all eternity, generating bad karma or something.”

“Bad karma?”

“Or something. I mean, I don’t want to hurt you kids or anything, you’re just working like I used to do, but for some reason, me being here always causes accidents. Like your leg.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it,” Jerry says, waving his hand, “it’s nothing.”

“But I do worry, Jer. It’s not right you have to suffer for my bone-head death. That’s why I want to help you out, do something nice for you. Grant you a wish, you know, like a fairy godfather,” Bill winks, “like a straight fairy godfather.”

“Are you serious?”

“It’s the least I can do.”

“And I can wish for anything? Anything I want?”

“Well, within reason. I can’t change who you are or anything, but being dead does give me some skills. Just nothing fancy, okay?”

“So, what can you do?”

“Give me dirt and I can turn water to mud,” Bill claps Jerry on the back, “Seriously, I don’t know my own limitations. I ain’t promising anything but all I can do is try. So, make a wish.”

“Can you make me rich?”

Bill leans over and pulls his wallet from his back pocket. “I can loan you a few bucks,” he says, giving Jerry the cash that’s in his wallet, “I had this money on me when I died. You can pay me back when you pass over. Jesus, sixty bucks! What a way to go...”

Jerry takes the money but isn’t very impressed. “Thanks... I guess.”

“Yeah, well, it’s better than nothing, right? Anyway, that’s not your wish, that’s just a loan. So, what do you want?”

“Sixty bucks... What more could I ask for?”

“Har fucking har. I don’t have to give you dick, you know that?”

“Hey, I didn’t mean anything...”

“Ooops, gotta go,” and with that Bill disappears in a faint cloud of blue smoke. Jerry moves his hand through the air where Bill had been, amazed.

“Are you okay?” Sally asks from the loading dock. She looks at Jerry with concern. Jerry stares at her for a while, trying to decide if she’s real.

“Hi,” Sally gives a nervous little wav, “Is something wrong?”

“No.” Jerry says, still staring.

“Oh. Good.” She takes a step back. “I was just wondering where the other guys were?”

“Inside.”

“Okay. I’ll look inside then,” she says as she turns and runs up the driveway. Jerry follows her with his eyes. When she’s gone, he turns back to the sofa and Bill is sitting next to him again. Jerry jumps up, startled.

“Now that is a fine piece of ass,” Bill says, blowing a smoke ring.

“What?”

“The girl. Don’t get none of that when you’re dead. Tell the truth, I didn’t get much when I was alive neither.”

“I’m sorry,” Jerry says, calming down.

“Not your fault. Although I bet you do get more than your share of the hair pie, am I right?”

“Yeah, right,” Jerry snorts, “I’m a big ladies’ man.”

“I heard you tell that guy you had a date tonight. Must be doing something right.”

“The date’s with my sister’s kid. I’m babysitting.”

“Are you kidding me? Babysitting on a Saturday night? A good-looking guy like you?”

“Okay, fairy godfather, you’re making me nervous here.”

“You’re not my type,” Bill laughs, “But this does give me an idea. What about, for your wish, I give you that girl?”

“What?”

“You know, like to,” Bill makes an obscene gesture by pulling his finger in and out of his fist, “wakka wakka.”

“You’re kidding me?”

“No... no... that I can do. I think,” Bill takes a deep drag on his cigarette and squints as he blows smoke, “Yeah, a little mind control. Us dead folk do that all the time, make people forget they seen us. That’s how come they can never prove we exist; we wipe memories. So. What do you think? Sounds like a good deal to me.”

Jerry shakes his head. “No, that ain’t right. Besides, she’s too young for me.”

“Oh bullshit,” Bill continues, “You don’t know, she could be eighteen.” Jerry looks at him, “Well, she could be!”

“I don’t think so. I’m hard up, but not that hard up.”

“What? It’s not like rape or anything. I’ll make her want to do it, she’ll have a great time, and when you’re through, I’ll make her forget all about it.”

“You’re serious?”

“As a heart attack. C’mon, man, I’m telling you, it’s the best you’re going to get out of me. I can’t make you rich or add inches to your wang.”

Jerry looks to the house, scratches his head and says, “So how would it work, assuming I say yes?”

“At’s my boy! You just follow my lead, and don’t worry about a thing,” Bill reaches over and slaps Jerry on the good knee then disappears in a puff.

“Hey! Wait a minute! I didn’t say yes,” Jerry panics, “Where are you going? I said ‘what if!’”

“What if what?” Steve asks from the driveway, pushing a box into the truck.

“What!” Jerry’s voice breaks, startled by Steve’s interruption.

“Are you talking to me?” Steve hops up and walks back to the cool shade where Jerry is sitting.

Jerry looks around, nervous, his heart racing, “No, man, I ain’t talking to you.”

“You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah... yeah... hey, you haven’t seen anybody else around here have you, some guy hanging around the truck?”

“What’s going on?”

“Nothing,” Jerry tries to stand, and Steve helps him, “I thought I heard something.”

“How’s the leg?”

“Stiff.”

“I told you.”

Steve helps him to the end of the truck, and they sit on the lip and watch Luther bring another load of boxes from the garage.

“You takin’ a break, College Boy?” Luther calls out.

“Yes,” Steve answers. “Considering I already moved twice as many boxes, the bigger, heavier boxes, than you.”

“Bullshit,” Luther curses, but is too tired to make a fight out of it, “how’s the leg,” he asks Jerry.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be kicking your ass soon enough.”

“Man, I’m telling you, it’s the curse!” Luther hops up next to Jerry. “I didn’t drop that box, it was ripped from my hands.”

“Seems to me like things have been ripped from your hands all over the place today,” Steve puts in his two cents.

“Yeah, maybe I’ll rip you a new asshole with these hands too,” Luther leans over to glare at Steve and sees Sally coming down the walkway carry two brown paper bags. “Hey look, your girlfriend’s coming to save you.”

Steve jumps down from the truck and jogs over to help Sally with the bags. They smile at each other.

“It’s lunch time so brought you guys some food,” Sally and Steve take the bags to the truck and spread everything out on the floor. There are halved sandwiches, chips, pickles, and potato salad served on paper plates with plastic forks.

“This is great!” Steve gushes, “Did you make all this?”

“We had the potato salad,” Sally giggles, “but I made the sandwiches. Roast beef, ham and cheese, and tuna.”

Steve bites into a sandwich, “Mmm, fantastic!”

“I’d rather have pizza,” Luther grumbles. Jerry elbows him in the ribs. “What?” Luther carries on, “I like pizza. I was hoping we could get pizza for lunch.”

“Ignore him,” Steve tells Sally, “This is great. Right Jerry?”

“Yeah, it’s great,” he takes a sandwich, “thanks.”

Sally asks Steve about college, and they move around to the side of the truck for privacy. Luther glares at Jerry. “Why are you sticking up for College Boy? I thought you wanted pizza too?”

“Hey, asshole, she’s right there and you’re telling her you don’t like her food? The fuck’s wrong with you?”

“Fuckin’ sandwiches, man,” Luther leans across Jerry and grabs one, “I could’ve brought a sandwich I wanted a sandwich.”

As Luther returns to his seat, Bill is there and grabs him across the throat in a choke hold, clamping a hand over his mouth. He drags him to the back of the truck, behind the sofa. Jerry is stunned.

“What are you doing,” he whispers.

“Relax,” Bill says, frowning as the sunlight from the open door hits his face, “Follow my lead and everything will be okay.”

“Oh man, no, I don’t want this,” Jerry scoots over to grab the wall and lift himself up, “I thought you said you could control minds!”

“I can,” Bill pulls him down by the shirt, “will you relax? I can control minds, but its better I don’t do it too much, people upstairs get mad. This way I only have to do it once, on the girl.”

“I changed my mind. The sixty is enough...”

“What are you talking about? It’s too late. I already started. Why do you think she made lunch?”

“Come on, man...”

“I made her want to come out here, now I’m going to make her want you, trust me. All we need to do is get that dipshit out of the way. Call him.”

“What?”

“Call him over here.”

“No!”

“For Christ’s sake,” Bill clears his throat and tries to disguise his voice like Jerry when he calls, “Hey Steve! Come here for a sec!” Then he disappears

Steve pokes his head around the corner, looking confused, “Who was that?” he asks.

“What?” Jerry gives a nervous smile.

“Did you just call me?”

“Uh... Yeah... ” Jerry rubs the back of his neck “I need a hand, getting down.”

“Where’s Luther?” Steve asks, moving to help Jerry down.

As Steve offers his hand, Bill suddenly reappears and grabs it, violently dragging Steve into the truck. He knocks him out by whacking his head on the truck floor and carries him into the darkness behind the sofa.

“Jesus Christ!” Jerry tries to stand up, “What the hell are you doing?”

Bill ducks down and points frantically at the open door. Jerry turns to see Sally poking her head around the corner.

“What’s going on?” She asks.

“Ha! Yeah!” Jerry uses the door frame to stand up, “Steve’s back there fooling around again. Come on out Steve!” he shouts, “It’s not funny!”

“Steve?” Sally squints and sees a vague shape in the darkness at the back of the truck. “Are you back there?”

“Yeah, he’s a real joker... Steve!” Jerry hollers, panicked, “Come on!”

Sally grabs the handle and pulls herself into the truck. Jerry’s eye get wide.

“No! Don’t come up here!”

As soon as her body is completely in the truck, the door crashes down with a thunderous bang and the handle locks itself.